

THE Shadow

TOM SNEGOSKI • DENNIS CALERO



DYNAMITE
ANNUAL 

THE Shadow®

"WHO KNOWS WHAT EVIL LURKS IN THE
HEARTS OF MEN? THE SHADOW KNOWS!"

WRITTEN BY
TOM SNEGOSKI

ART BY
DENNIS CALERO

LETTERS BY
ROB STEEN

COVER BY
ALEX ROSS

SPECIAL THANKS TO
JERRY BIRENZ, ANTHONY TOLLIN AND MICHAEL USLAN

THE SHADOW CREATED BY
WALTER B. GIBSON

DYNAMITE

Visit us online at www.DYNAMITE.net
Follow us on Twitter @[dynamitecomics](https://twitter.com/dynamitecomics)
Like us on Facebook /[dynamitecomics](https://www.facebook.com/dynamitecomics)

Nick Berrucci, President
Juan Collado, Chief Operating Officer
Joe Rybandt, Editor
Josh Johnson, Creative Director
Rich Young, Director Business Development
Jason Ulmeyer, Senior Designer
Josh Green, Traffic Coordinator
Chris Caniano, Production Assistant



SUSTAINABLE
FORESTRY
INITIATIVE

Certified Chain of Custody
Promoting Sustainable Forestry
www.sifprogram.org
US2012

This label only applies to the text section.

THE SHADOW ®, Volume #1, Annual #1, DIGITAL COPY. Published by Dynamite Entertainment, 113 Galther Dr., STE. 205, Mt. Laurel, NJ 08054. The Shadow ® & © 2012 Advance Magazine Publishers Inc. d/b/a Conde Nast. All Rights Reserved. DYNAMITE, DYNAMITE ENTERTAINMENT & the Dynamite Entertainment colophon are ® & © 2012. All rights reserved. All names, characters, events, and locales in this publication are entirely fictional. Any resemblance to actual persons (living or dead), events or places, without satiric intent, is coincidental. No portion of this book may be reproduced by any means (digital or print) without the written permission of Dynamite Entertainment except for review purposes.

For information regarding press, media rights, foreign rights, licensing, promotions, and advertising e-mail: marketing@dynamite.net

ANCIENT CULTURES
BELIEVED THAT
DREAMS WERE
MESSAGES FROM A
HIGHER BEING...



...PORTENTS OF THE FUTURE.



A VIEW OF
SOMETHING
NEAR TO
COME...

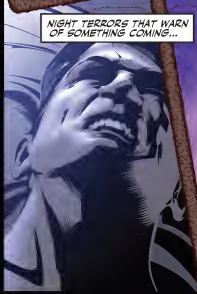
...SOMETIMES A WARNING.



MY SLEEP HAS BEEN
PLAGUED OF LATE...



NIGHT TERRORS THAT WARN
OF SOMETHING COMING...



...SOMETHING THAT
I MUST DEAL WITH
IN MY GUISE AS AN
AGENT OF FATE...



...SOMETHING THAT COULD VERY
WELL TURN THE WORLD TO ASH.

YAAAAHHH!

THE *Shadow*

CHILDREN OF THE DRAGON



TIBET. NEARING THE
VILLAGE OF LI-LUNG.

SAVE YOUR
BITCHIN', PRITCHARD...
SOMETHING'S WRONG
HERE.

WHY ARE WE
STOPPING?

THIRSTY. I NEED SOME BOTTLES
OF QINGKE...TIBETAN MOONSHINE.
BEFORE WE MOVE INTO REGIONS
EVEN LESS HOSPITABLE.

I'VE PAID YOU
TO LOSE ME IN THE
WILDS OF THIS UNTAMED
PLACE, NOT TO INDULGE
YOUR...

I STILL BELIEVE MYSELF TO BE A HOLY MAN...
A MAN OF GOD, DESPITE MY WEAKNESSES.

WHAT'S
HAPPENED?

NOT UNCOMMON
FOR THE CHINESE ARMY
TO COME CALLIN', HELP
THEMSELVES TO THE WOMEN
AND SUPPLIES...

AS A HOLY MAN I DID GREAT THINGS
FOR GOD, AND MY FELLOW MAN. I TOOK
THE ROLE AS SHEPHERD, AND CARED
FOR THE LORD'S ABANDONED. ORPHANS
OF THE WORLD BECAME MY CHARGES.

BUT THIS IS
SOMETHIN' WORSE
THAN THAT.

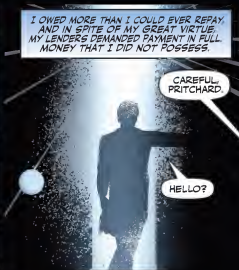
ONE WOULD THINK THAT WITH A
JOB SUCH AS THIS, THERE WOULD
BE NO TIME FOR SIN.

DID YOU
HEAR SOMETHING?
SOUNDS LIKE
CRYING?

BUT SIN I DID. GAMBLING WAS MY VICE, AND TO FEED MY DEPRIVITY, I BORROWED FROM THE MOST FELONIOUS OF INDIVIDUALS.



I OWED MORE THAN I COULD EVER REPAY, AND IN SPITE OF MY GREAT VIRTUE, MY LENDERS DEMANDED PAYMENT IN FULL, MONEY THAT I DID NOT POSSESS.



CAREFUL, PRITCHARD.

HELLO?

SO I RAN... RAN FROM MY FOLLOWERS, FROM MY FLOCK... RAN AS IF THE DEVIL HIMSELF WERE CHASING ME...TO HIDE IN THIS MOST GODFORSAKEN LAND.



TO HIDE FROM MY SINS.

MERCIFUL, HEAVEN.

HELLO THERE.



BUT WE ARE EITHER DESTINED TO ACCEPT OUR AFFRONTS TO GOD, OR BE DESTROYED BY THEM.




AND NOW...GOD HAS GIVEN ME A SIGN IN THE FORM OF THREE ANGELS, AND HE WOULD SEE THEM SAVED.

FEAR NOT, LAMBS OF GOD, FOR I WILL DELIVER YOU UNTO THE WORD.




THE NIGHT TERRORS CONTINUE.



I WOULDN'T
BE DOIN' THAT IF I
WAS YOU. IF MR. RUZZO
FINDS OUT YOU'VE
BEEN SAMPLIN' THE
WARES...

THE WICKEDNESS THAT
I SEEK HIDING ITSELF FROM
MY SIGHT.



THE BOSS
HAS GOT MORE THAN
ME TAKIN' A SIP OF HIS
HOOSH TO WORRY
ABOUT.

EVIL, FROM THE MUNDANE TO
THE EXCEPTIONAL, CAN HIDE IN THE
MOST INCONSPICUOUS OF PLACES.



WHY,
WHATTA YOU
HEAR?

I HEARD IT'S NOT
GONNA BE TOO LONG BEFORE
IT'S ALL OVER FOR BOSS RUZZO...
THAT THE OTHER BOSSES HAVE...



SOMETIMES ONE
MUST BEAT THE
BUSHES TO DRIVE
OUT THE BEAST...

WHAT
THE HELL
IS THIS?

HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!



JESUS...
I THINK IT'S
HIM!

WHO?




...TO FORCE THE EVIL
INTO THE LIGHT.


THE Shadow



TIME IS OF THE ESSENCE,
SO I KEEP AT IT...



FLIPPING OVER PROVERBIAL
STONES IN MY PURSUIT OF WHAT MY
PRESCIENCE HAS FORSEEN.



DESPERATE TO
FIND IT, BEFORE THE
EVIL HAS A CHANCE
TO GROW.

NEW YORK CITY. ASTORIA.

YOU GOT
SOME NERVE
BRINGING ME
THIS!

THIS IS
HOW YOU WANT
ME TO START
MY DAY?

WHO DID THIS?
WHO DISRESPECTED
ME IN THIS WAY? WAS IT
SCARPA'S BOYS? NO WAIT,
DON'T TELL ME,
FEBONIO?

MOST OF 'EM WAS DEAD, BUT
THERE WAS ONE MICK THAT
MANAGED TO HANG ON LONG
ENOUGH TO SAY IT WAS...

THE SHADOW.
MR. RUZZO. IT WAS
THE SHADOW.

THE SHADOW...
CAN IT GET ANY WORSE?
I'VE GOT THE OTHER THREE
BOSSSES READY TO TAKE BITES
FROM MY PIE. AND NOW I'M DEALING
WITH SOME SPOOK THAT UNTIL A FEW
MINUTES AGO, NOBODY COULD TELL
ME FOR SURE EVEN EXISTED.

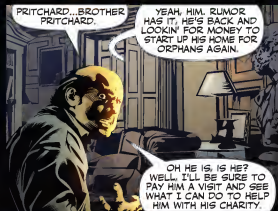


IN THE OLDEN DAYS, A KING WOULD KILL A MESSENGER FOR BRINGING HIM BAD NEWS.



THEN HOW 'BOUT SOME GOOD NEWS TO BALANCE THINGS OUT?

MEMBER THAT PREACHER GUY WHO STIFFED YOU FIFTY G'S AND LIT OUTA TOWN?



PRITCHARD...BROTHER PRITCHARD.

YEAH, HIM. RUMOR HAS IT, HE'S BACK AND LOOKIN' FOR MONEY TO START UP HIS HOME FOR ORPHANS AGAIN.

OH HE IS, IS HE? WELL, I'LL BE SURE TO PAY HIM A VISIT AND SEE WHAT I CAN DO TO HELP HIM WITH HIS CHARITY.

I MAY NOT LOOK IT, BUT I'M QUITE THE CHARITABLE GUY. I'M LETTING YOU TWO LEAVE HERE ALIVE, AIN'T I?

THE PIERRE HOTEL.



TEMPORARILY, I BREAK FROM THE HUNT TO ATTEND A FUNDRAISER WITH THE FETCHING MISS LANE. BUT MY FRUSTRATION KNOWS NO BOUNDS.



OH JESUS...I'M BLEEDING!

I AM LOATHE TO ADMIT THAT I AM STILL NO CLOSER TO FINDING THE SOURCE OF THE THREAT; STILL SEEKING THAT ELUSIVE CLUE TO DIRECT MY COURSE.

HERE...
PUT PRESSURE
ON IT.

DID YOU CAUSE
THAT?

HE
ALMOST SPILLED
MY DRINK.

COULD YOU
HOLD YOUR WRATH
FOR SOMETHING A BIT
MORE...LEGITIMATE?
WE'RE AT A CHARITY
EVENT, FOR PETE'S
SAKE.



I CANNOT SHAKE THE
FEELING THAT I AM CLOSE...

YES,
WHAT ARE WE
HERE ABOUT
AGAIN?

BROTHER PRITCHARD'S
ORPHANAGE? HE'S JUST
RETURNED FROM THE FAR EAST
SOMEPLACE WITH SOME POOR
WAIFS THAT NEED A NEW ROOF
OVER THEIR HEADS?

AND EVERY MOMENT THAT
I AM NOT SEARCHING BRINGS
US THAT MUCH CLOSER
TO ANNIHILATION.


AH YES,
THE ORPHANAGE.
HOW COULD I
FORGET?



BROTHER PRITCHARD'S ORPHANAGE



I BELIEVED THAT I WAS DOING
GOD'S WORK IN RETURNING TO THE
CIVILIZED WORLD WITH MY CHARGES...



BUT NOW I'VE COME TO REALIZE THAT THERE IS
NOTHING AT ALL DIVINE ABOUT WHAT HAS OCCURRED.

OPEN UP,
PRITCHARD!



THEY SAID
THAT YOU'D BE
COMING.



OH THEY
DID, DID THEY?
AND WHO MIGHT
THEY BE?

THE CHILDREN...
THE CHILDREN OF
LI-LUNG...



THE
CHILDREN OF THE
DRAGON.



WOULD YOU LOOK AT THEM...
AIN'T THEY ADORABLE. DID YOU
BRING THEM FOR ME,
PRITCHARD?

I WOULD
THINK THAT
YOU DID,
SEEING HOW
MUCH YOU
STILL OWE
ME.

THEY
WERE QUITE-EAGER
TO MEET YOU.



AGENTS WHO SERVE MY CAUSE
WERE GIVEN SPECIFIC INSTRUCTIONS
TO INFORM ME OF ANYTHING OUT
OF THE ORDINARY.

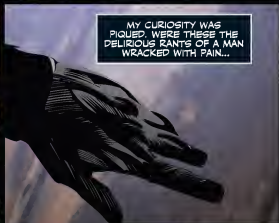
A SPEAKEASY FIRE IN HARLEM...NOT SOMETHING
THAT I WOULD NORMALLY GIVE MY ATTENTION TO,
BUT A SURVIVOR OF THE FLAMES HAD SOMETHING
INTERESTING TO SHARE WITH AUTHORITIES.



WHAT
DID YOU
SEE?

THE FIRE...
THE FIRE IT...
IT WAS DIFFERENT...
IT WAS ALIVE!

MY CURIOSITY WAS
PIQUED. WERE THESE THE
DELIRIOUS RANTS OF A MAN
WRACKED WITH PAIN...



OR WAS
IT SOMETHING
MORE?



THE LITTLE
GIRL...THE BEAUTIFUL
LITTLE GIRL...THE FIRE...
THE PURPLE FIRE...
IT DANCED FOR
HER.

THIS, PLUS SOMETHING STRANGELY OUT OF PLACE FOUND IN THE REMAINS OF A SPEAKEASY FIRE, AND THE PIECES OF THE PUZZLE BEGIN TO FALL INTO PLACE...

THE SEEMINGLY INSIGNIFICANT NOW BEGINNING TO HAVE MEANING. A PICTURE STARTING TO TAKE FORM.

RING RING RING RING

OUR CHARITY CASE WITH THE NEED FOR A NEW ROOF...WHERE DID YOU SAY HE JUST RETURNED FROM?

BROTHER PRITCHARD? I...I'M NOT SURE... I THINK SOMEBODY SAID THE FAR EAST...WHY WOULD...?

I NEED YOU TO PAY THE HOLY MAN A VISIT, LOOK FOR ANYTHING OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

WORD IS THAT THE SPEAKEASY FIRE HAS ROUSED THE MISTRUST OF THE CURRENTLY REIGNING CRIME BOSSSES.

POTENTIALLY DAMAGING AN ALREADY UNEASY TRUCE BETWEEN THE FAMILIES.

AS THE SEEDS OF MISTRUST ARE SOWN,
A MEETING HAS BEEN CALLED...A MEETING
THAT THE SHADOW MUST ATTEND.



THEY ARE ALL PRESENT,
THE RUTHLESS PATRIARCHS OF
THEIR VILLAINOUS FAMILIES:

FRANCIS SCARPA

JONATHAN FEBONIO

LOUIS TESTA...

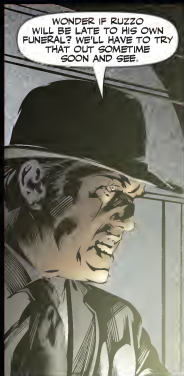
AND LUIGI VITTI

WHERE'S
THE IDIOT?

HERE
HE IS NOW.



WONDER IF RUZZO
WILL BE LATE TO HIS OWN
FUNERAL? WE'LL HAVE TO TRY
THAT OUT SOMETIME
SOON AND SEE.



I SENSE IT AS SOON AS
THEY EXIT THE CAR...

ARE
THESE THE
MEN?



A TREMBLE IN THE AIR THAT
HINTS OF IMPENDING DOOM.

A FACE TO FACE
TO SEE IF WE'RE ABOUT
TO COME TO BLOWS AND
YOU BRING A CHICKY
ALONG?

WHAT IS SHE, THE
ENTERTAINMENT?

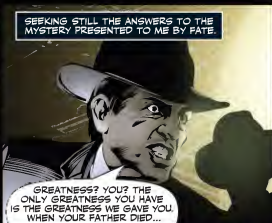


I CONTINUE TO
OBSERVE, LETTING
THE SCENE BELOW
UNFOLD...



THEY ARE THE
ONES, MY PRINCESS.
THEY ARE THE ONES
WHO KEEP ME FROM
GREATNESS.

SEEKING STILL THE ANSWERS TO THE
MYSTERY PRESENTED TO ME BY FATE.



GREATNESS? YOU? THE
ONLY GREATNESS YOU HAVE
IS THE GREATNESS WE GAVE YOU.
WHEN YOUR FATHER DIED...

I WILL
SHOW YOU
GREATNESS.



WHAT
THE FU...?



I HAVE SEEN ENOUGH.



SHOW
THEM...SHOW
THEM ALL.

THE TERRIBLE
FORCE THAT I FORESAW
REVEALS ITSELF.



I SHOULD'A PUT
YOU DOWN WITH YOUR
OLD MAN, YOU NO GOOD
SON OF A...

AND IT APPEARS TO HAVE DISGUISED
ITSELF IN THE MOST BENIGN OF FORMS.



I SHALL SHOW
YOU WHAT TRUE
POWER IS.

CRACK

GHACK!



NO MATTER THE APPARENT
INNOCENCE OF ITS SHAPE...

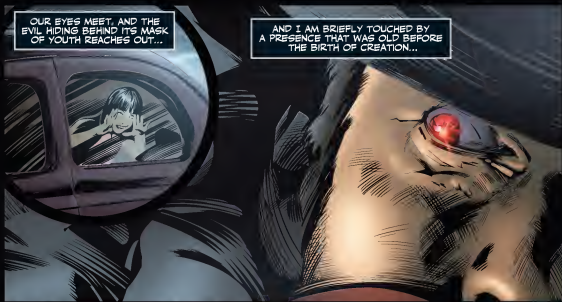


THE EVIL MUST
BE DEALT WITH.



OUR EYES MEET, AND THE
EVIL HIDING BEHIND ITS MASK
OF YOUTH REACHES OUT....

AND I AM BRIEFLY TOUCHED BY
A PRESENCE THAT WAS OLD BEFORE
THE BIRTH OF CREATION...



EASIER TO SEE ME, AND
THE FORCES THAT I SERVE,
BROUGHT TO AN END...



SO THAT IT MAY
RETURN THE UNIVERSE
TO DARKNESS.





THEY COME AT ME MOANING, SOUNDS
FILLED WITH SORROW AND SUFFERING....



AS IF THEIR VERY
SOULS WERE BURNING AS
WELL AS THEIR FLESH.



AND I SILENCE THEIR PAIN, FOR
I AM NOTHING, IF NOT MERCIFUL.







IT DID NOT TAKE LONG TO FIND OUT THE CONNECTION BETWEEN RUZZO AND PRITCHARD...

I BELIEVE YOUR MASTER CAN TAKE THINGS FROM HERE, MISS LANE.

YOU'RE NOT MY...

GO!

BRINGING ME HERE TO THE DILAPIDATED ORPHANAGE FOR WHAT IS CERTAIN TO BE THE FINAL SKIRMISH BETWEEN OPPOSING FORCES.

YOU ARE ALL THAT STANDS BETWEEN US AND THE WORLD, AGENT OF FATE. WE WILL SHOW YOU THE DEPTH OF THAT POWER, AND HOW YOU PALE BEFORE IT.

I FEEL IT AGAIN, ICY TENDRILS TAKING HOLD OF MY BRAIN, FORCING A CONNECTION.

IT FLED FROM THE LIGHT OF CREATION, A FORCE OF DARKNESS TRAVERSING THE NEWLY BORN SOLAR SYSTEM HUNGRY TO DESTROY WHAT HAD COME WITH THE DEATH OF ITS BLESSED OBLIVION.

I FIGHT IT WITH ALL THAT I HAVE, BUT IT ISN'T ENOUGH. THE IMAGES COME, POURING INTO MY BRAIN UNFETTERED.

IT TOOK THE FORM OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF FLOWERS, ENTICING POTENTIAL ACOLYTES WITH ITS SEDUCTIVE SCENT.

THE HOLY MEN OF LI-LUNG WERE THE FIRST TO DISCOVER THE PLANT'S POTENTIAL. ONLY THE VERY YOUNGEST WERE CAPABLE OF SURVIVING THE RITUAL INGESTION. MOST DIED SCREAMING.

BUT THERE WERE A SPECIAL FEW WHO SURVIVED
THE CEREMONY, AND WERE CHANGED BY IT.



AND THE DARKNESS GREW—
BLOSSOMING INSIDE OF THEM...



AS THEY WERE REBORN AS
DISCIPLES OF A GREAT POWER...



THAT WOULD SEE ALL THAT
HAD COME INTO EXISTENCE
WITH THE LIGHT, BURNED AWAY
TO ASH AND OBLIVION.



DO YOU NOW
SEE, SHADOW MAN?
THE MORE WE LEARN OF
THIS WORLD, WE COME TO
UNDERSTAND HOW EASY
IT WILL BE TO
TOPPLE.

YOUR
SENSELESS
STRUGGLE, IT WILL
ALL BE FOR
NAUGHT.



ACCEPT THE
FATE OF THIS WORLD...
JOIN WITH US, AND HELP
TO EXTINGUISH THE
LIGHT.



I ACCEPT...
NOTHING...



...BUT YOUR
INEVITABLE
DEMISE.



STILL THE ANCIENT
EVIL PERSISTS.

UNGH...
HOW DARE YOU
DENY US! OUR POWER
WAS GREAT...BEFORE...
THE SPARK BEGAT
THE LIGHT!

POWER GREAT AND TERRIBLE,
OF THAT I AM CERTAIN.

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

BUT STILL HOUSED WITHIN
A MORTAL CASING...

...A FRAGILE SHELL OF
SKIN, BLOOD, AND BONE.

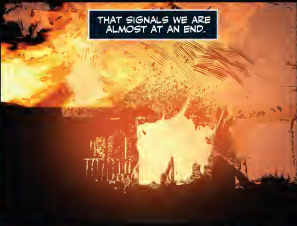
EEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

THE SOUND OF EVIL'S DEMISE...

EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!



IT IS A MOURNFUL DIRGE...



THAT SIGNALS WE ARE
ALMOST AT AN END.



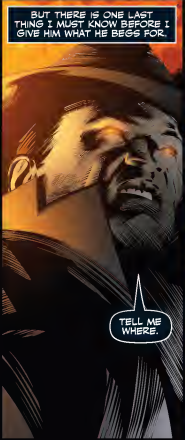
ALMOST.

THE VOICES...
THE VOICES INSIDE MY
HEAD...THEY'VE STOPPED...
THEY'RE GONE...THE
CHILDREN ARE GONE...
THANK, GOD.



THE ONE RESPONSIBLE FOR
BRINGING THE EVIL HERE, HE BEGS TO
BE RELEASED FROM HIS MISERY.

PLEASE...
IT HURTS...
PLEASE...



BUT THERE IS ONE LAST
THING I MUST KNOW BEFORE I
GIVE HIM WHAT HE BEGS FOR.

TELL ME
WHERE.



AND HE DOES.

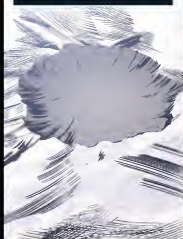


EVIL CAN HIDE IN THE MOST
INCONSPICUOUS OF PLACES.

AND WHEN FINALLY DISCOVERED,
DRIVEN OUT INTO THE LIGHT,
ONE HOPES TO SEE IT UTTERLY
DESTROYED...



BUT SOMETIMES ONE MUST
RETURN TO THE POINT OF
ORIGIN, TO BE CERTAIN THAT
IT IS TRULY GONE...



EVIL MUST BE
KILLED AT THE ROOT.



THIS, THE SHADOW KNOWS.



THE END